ICHN PARKE'S TRANSLATION OF HOBACE-ITS INNU-MERABLE DEDICATIONS-JOEL BARLOW AND LOUIS XVI .- ROBERT TREAT PAINE-THE EPIC OF THOMAS NORTHMORE-AN OLD-FASHIONED PIECE

It reconciles one to obscurity to consider the deplorable nonsense which has been written and spoken about heroes. Two great men of modern times, Washington and Napolcon, specially inspired the bad verse makers and the turgid orators. The French Emperor had but a dubious literary taste, as his passion for Ossian sufficiently exempifies, but I do not think that he can't much for the poets, Italian or French, who bored him with ante-mortem apotheosis; and it is well known that he had a profound contempt for Barere, the laureate of the zuillotine, who in a cormagnole of unusual tawdriness, declared that the hero of Austerlitz should be styled the King of Kings. Washington, perdeclared that the hero of Austerlitz should be styled the King of Kings. Washington, perhaps the most modest of great historical characters, was saved by death from all knowledge of a great deal of wild and indiscriminate eulogy, which would have put his equaninity severely to the test. But it must be admitted that he bore tule me adulation with consummate philosophy, and submitted to a flattery which must have been irritating with admirable politeness. There is also something dignified in the responses which were extorted from him. He sponses which were extorted from him. He would not appear to disregard pr ise when it was kindly and generously tendered, but he received as much as pessible of it officially. Numberless books were dedicated to him, and he was always obliced, though I do not think that he was ever a great reader, while the catalogue of his library shows that he was a small collector even for those times. In this respect there is a great contrast between his library and the curious and entertaining one picked up by

curious and entertaining one picked up by John Adams.

Among the books dedicated (in this instance partially) to Washington, is "The Lyric Works of Horace, Thanslated in English Verse: To Which are Added a Number of Original Poems. By a Native of America. Philadelphia, 1786." This is rather a scarce book, and usually excires some attention at the sale. The translator, whose name does not appear in the work, was John Parke, of whem little is known except that he was "probably" a native of Delaware, and "was last heard of in Arundel County, Va." There is reaon to believe that he was, during the Revolutionary War, attached to the American Army in General Washington's division. His gersions are neither very good nor very bad. Army in General Washington's division. Ihs reisions are neither very good nor very bad. But there never was such a thoroughly dedicated book. The general dedication is as follows "To his Excellency, George Washington, Est., LL.D., late General and Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, Mareshal et France, etc., etc., etc., "It begins "Illustrious sir." It ends with, "Your Excellency's must obliged and most devoted very humble servant, The Author." It assigns to Washington a merit which, multifarious as the encomiums passed upon him have been, has not often been mentioned. "The whole circle of arts and sciences," says John Parke, "is bound to you, by every sacred tie of gratitude and affection. It was your influence that encouraged, and your arms that supported, the drooping spirit of learning, through the toils and perils of a long, predatory, and unnatural and perils of a long, predatory, and unnatural war;—a war which originated in oppression and injustice, had plunder and slavery for its obinjustice, had plunder and slavery for its object; and, like the Goths and Vandals in the time of Old Rome, would have overturned our liberties and enveloped our seminaries of science in the clouds of savage barbarism." Parke evidently thinks more of Wasongton as an LLD, than as a "Mareshal of France." The "Life of Horace" prefixed to the poems is dedicated " to His Excellency Benjamin Franklin. "Life of Horace" prefixed to the poems is dedicated "To His Excellency Benjamin Franklin, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania"; the First Book of the Goles to "His Excellency Nicholas Vandyke, Esq., Governor of Delaware State"; the Second to "The Honorable Major General Thomas Mifflin, A.M., speaker of the House of Assembly o the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and late President of Congress"; the Third to "The Right Honorable Major General the Marquis de la Fayette"; he Fourth to "His Excellency Major General Wilham Smallwood, Governor of the House of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and late Financier General to the United States of America, etc." In addition to these major dedications there is no end of minor on "s. Every separate ode is inscribed to somebody. Thus Ode VI. of Book I. is addressed "To bis Excellency Count D'Estaing, Admiral and Commander of His Most Christian Majesty's fleet and army in America, etc., etc." The XXXVIIth Ode of Book I. (Persicos odu puer annoratus) is curiously enough addressed "To and Commander of His Most Christian Majesty's fleet and army in America, .tc., etc., The XXXVIIIth Ode of Book I. (Persicos ode puer apparatus) is curiously enough addressed "In Majesty's middle air "blaze visiby"; and "Liberty Restore." concludes merrily with the following line:

And e'en the depths of ocean laugh with joy.

Miss Bird was somewhat timid at the start, and many of the foreign residents at Yokohama and Tokio looked upon her undertaking as perilous; but she found kindness and civility everywhere; but the Coftee House" in Philadelphia. Of the literary merits of the work there is little to say. The exquisite poems of Horace are altered in rather an unscholarly way to suit the American latitude. An instance of the soccurs in the version of Ode XIV. of the Third Book. The subject of the original is the return of General Washington to Virginia. In this Martha Washington is substituted queerly for Livia, the wife of the proper for men to say it and not for women it?

And e'en the depths of ocean laugh with joy.

We ought to be very grateful to our good friend Thomas Northmore, esq., who stood by us in the struggle for liberty, when we needed friend in Great Bittain; but I defy anybody, when we needed friend in Great Bittain; but I defy anybody, when we needed friend in Great Bittain; but I defy anybody, when we needed friend in Great Bittain; but I defy anybody, who was neither molested nor swindled; and at the end of her journey of 1,200 miles she records her belief "that there is no country in the world in which a lady can travel with such absolute security from danger and inderess as in Japan." She made to say something of the "Life of Washington; by Rev. Mason L. Weems," but his oook, though a phenomenon of absurdity, has been setting the control of the villages, and forwards has stations in most of the villages, and forwards has stations in most of the villages, and forwards has stations in most of the villages, and forwards has stations in most of the villages, and forwards has stations in most of

rton is substituted queerly for Livia, the wife Chaste M..... shall embrace her spouse,
So long detained by war's alarms;
And to the righteous Heaven prefer her vows
For groung back her hero to her arms.
Her widow'd daughter beautiful in tears
Shall grace the scene, and swell the thankful train,
While aged matrons bent with years
Shall crowd the supplicated fame.

I ought not, perhaps, to dismiss Mr. Parke without giving what may be regarded as the most tremen lous and daring of his ascriptions. He dedicates the XVIth Ode of the Fourth Book most tremen lous and daring of his ascriptions. He dedicates the XVIth Ode of the Fourth Book to "His Most August Majeaty, Louis XVI., by the Grace of God, King of France and Navarre, Protector of the Rights of Mankind, etc., et

with them."

Perhaps of all his eulogists, Washington has suffered most severely at the hands of the poets. Of the verse written about him most is nonsensies, though he was the wisest, or bombinatical, though he was the simplest of men. If his had been less public reverence, he would long ago have been made ridiculous, and the best title ever bestawed upon him was neither mythological nor military—it was that of "The Father of His Country." It was not new, but it was so deserved that it took on, by the suffrages of mankind, an original propriety. We must not make Wishington responsible for this abundance of mixed metaphor and superfluity of prosopopoeia; but it is a little surprising that he who was stately, somewhat cold of manner, and not over eager for applause, should have warned so many verse makers into such sham Pindaric coatscles, and so many fluent spouters into such infelicities of splendor. There was a song called "Adams and Liberty," written by hiobert Treat Paine in Boston in 1798, which contains this most vehement verse:

ind repaise with his breasthander!

His sword from the alcop
Of its acabaard would leap,
of conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep.
We can imagine the shrewd and philosophical
ranklin reading this verse with a bult-satirical
mile upon his benevolent face, and thinking to

RECOLLECTIONS OF A READER

BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

VIII.

WASHINGTON IN VERSE.

FOIR PARKE'S TRANSLATION OF HOBACE—ITS INNU
RECOLLECTIONS OF A READER

himself that his own lightning rod was a better and safer conductor than even the sword of Washington. The verse of Paine, which had a great reputation in its day, was hopelessly tawdery and tasteless. He dedicated one of his poems (The Invention of Letters) to Washington, with a preliminary eulogy of which these are the conductive interest. clading lines:

Could Fanstus live, by gloomy grave resigned With power extensive, as subline his mind, Thy glorious life a volume should compose, As Alos immortal, spotless as its snows, The stars should be its types—its press the ag The earth its binding—and the sky its page.

After hearing this rhapsody, a typographical critic might be excused for asking where the ink was to come from. It is useless, I suppose, it inquire why the "press" should be the age, or the "earth" the "binding," or whether this binding is to be considered half calf, or full calf, or Russia, or crushed Levant, though, to carry out the figure, we may suppose that a binding of earth would be tre-calf, or at any rate pebbled-calf. "I am never more satisfied." wrote Washington to Paine, "than when I see the effusions of genius from some of the rising generation, which promises to secure our national rank in the literary world." Washington tional rank in the literary world." Washington meant kindly when he sent these praises to the young poet, who would have been better off without them; for he haunted the theatre, neglected his profession, married pretry Miss Baker, an actress, to the great horror of the aristocratic Paine household, and died at the age of thirty-eight, leaving his family utterly destitute. Robert Treat Paine, his father, well-known as one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence referred at last, took his disof Independence, ielenied at last, took his dissolute son home to die, and cared for the orphaus. The grave old man could have had no great liking for the Muses, who spoiled his clever and promising boy after this foolish fash-

ion.

I dare say that Washington has been made the hero of many epics, published and unpublished. There is a curious one, put out in England about 1809, and reprinted here, which is entitled:

"Washington, or Liberty Restored; A Poem in Ten Books, By Thomas Northmore." The author was an Englishman of the class whose ideas of British freedom were utterly outraged by the sweeting of the long Fory domination, when British freedom were utterly outraged by the severities of the long Fory domination, when treason and sedition bills were rite, the Habeas Corpus act suspended, the spy and the miormer busy, and all who dared to protest in danger of imprisonment. Under these discouraging circumstances, Mr. Northmore relieved his mind by writing this long poem. William Gifford, in The Quarterly Review (vol. 2, p. 365), fell afoul of it, after the prevailing fashion of literary butchery; and I saw the critique there, long before I was able to pick up the poem. It is a very singular production. In the First Book, very singular production. In the First Book, Satan is represented as in great wrath at the prospect of a restoration of liberty by "Freedom's noblest bulwark, Washington." In a council held for the purpose of considering the council held for the purpose of considering the impending langer, Satan makes a speeca, in which he laments the loss of America, whence, he "had hoped, as from an earthly throne, Preeminent to pour upon mankind. Future oppression, civil wars, and strike." At this moment, "scraphic spiendor glided down the sky, Aad over Yorktown halted." Moloch, nothing discouraged, orders his warriors to direct their things that the satisfactor of the purpose of the sky. choicest darts against the American chief:

—— the warners Lee, and Wayne,
Schuyler, and Putnam, prudent Sullivan.
The thunder-boit LaFayette, mighty Greene,
The too successful Gates, with Pomerov,
Ward, Miffin, Morgan and Pulaski's might,
Moultine, St. Clair, the other Washington.
Lincoln and D'Estaing, valuant Rochambean,
Sumpler, with Marion and Cadwaliader,
And many warners more. And many warriors more.

The Second Book is given up to "Revolution in Switzerland; William Tell; Fall of Gesser." The Third to the Revolution in the Netherlands. In fact, we do not get back to the American until we come to the Fourth Book. In the Fifth is the Battle of Bunker's Hill. In the Seventh Book Washington utters a prayer of considerable length, in answer to which the Goddess Liberty, in a "lued robe," and pouring around "ambrosial travance," makes he: appearance and reassures the hero in a speech as long as the prayer, immediately after which the French army arrives, and La Fayette delivers a beautiful address beginning, "Noble Washington." Book the Eighth is an exciting one. Liberty again entering, removes from Washington's eyes "the film of mortality," and he sees "the internal host floating above the Apalachian Moun-The Second Book is given up to "Revolution

from the elements.

I did intend by way of concluding this paper to say something of the "Life of Washington; by Rev. Mason L. Weems," but his cook, though a phenomenon of absurdity, has been somuch talked of and written about that I retrain. I do so more willingly because I have in store a nugget of nonsense with which my readers may not be so well acquainted. When I was a boy I used to hear mentioned an oration proncunced in New-Bedford on the anniversary, in 1823, of the birth of Washington, by Daniel K. Whitaker. It was it sted by the author, but I was never able to obtain a copy until the sale, not long ago, in this city of the pamphlets of Mr. Drike, the antiquarian. Never was there not long ago, in this city of the pamphiets of Mr. Drike, the antiquarian. Never was there such extraordinary thetoric. Washington is described as "the hero, the philosopher, the patriot, the statesman, and the sage—the man who has raised himself to a place in the skies by his sanctity, and bravery, and talents; whose victure hangs from the ceilings of your halis; whose bust meets you in the great buildings which curiosity leads you to visit; whose life is praised by youtons; whose exploits are chanted by poets; whose same is engraven on pillars of which cutiosity leads you to visit; whose life is praised by practors; whose exploits are chanted by poets; whose name is engraven on pillars of marble and on monuments of jasper! Yes! he it is who in his actions has bequeathed to veterans themes of wisdom and of prowess which touch the heart, delight the memory, and ravish the soul with their spirit—themes of courage and of victory, choice in the hi-tory of here statemens which, good God! will be tresh with glory, buoyant with liberty, and pregnant with the seeds of immortal life in the minds of our countrymen to the end of time." As this young gentleman goes on—he was a very young gentleman—the caloric of his style grows hotter and hotter. For instance: "Revere the memory of Washington! Are not the bursting feelings which agitate our bosom sufficient to sput us onward to our task, when, rumbling within us they murmur forth the mandate, 'Revere the memory of Washington!' Are not the lofty heavens, the solid earth, and the broad ocean, sufficient to command our attention, when they echo and teecho and echo again, 'Revere! Revere! Revere! the memory of Washington!' Thank God! the Saviour of Washington and of us all, they are—they are enough!" Is the reader exhausted by this rush of eloquence? Let him possess his soul for another small specimen, more thoroughly Ciceronian and Demostheneau than any which has yet been given: "O Posterity! Imaces of the future not yet endowed with life! Forms of fancy, which in our bright anticipations are now glowing with intelligence and beauty before us! Infants! Children! Youth! Virgins! Husbands! Matrons! Fathers! Mothers! Statesmen! Senators! Patriots! Counsellors! Magistrates! Ye venerable clergy! Benefactors! Saints! Ye need Americans, jast dropping into the tomb! Generations that step into

ers! Statesmen! Senators! Patriots! Counsarlors! Magistrates! Ye venerable clergy! Benefactors! Saints! Ye aced Americans, just dropping into the tomb! Generations that step into
our places, and their descendants to the end of
time! Hear us! From the chaos of the future,
hear us! From the dark unknown which human prescience cannot fathom, hear us! hear
us! and listen to our tale!"

Exuberant cology such as we have been considering may spring from a just estimate of the
virtues, the talents, the modesty of the greatest
of Americans. Yet contemplating that simple
and severe figure, informed by an antique heroism, shrinking from needless publicity, and always deprecating praise, one can hardly feel
otherwise than annoyed by this babble of adulation, and this adoration which has in it something of idolatry. He who thoroughly apprectates the character of Washington will be neither noisy nor affected in the expression of his
reverence. He will catch something of the nature of the character which he intelligently admires, and if he prinses it will be with a sobriety
worthy of the lofty theme.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW VIEWS OF JAPAN. [FIRST ARTICLE.]

UNBEATEN TRACES IN JAPAN. An Account Travels on Horseback in the Interior. By ISARI L. Bird. 2 vos. 8vo, pp. xxiii., 407. xiii., 392. P. Putnam's Sons.

Miss Bird, the author of "A Lady's Lite in the Rocky Mountains," and of "Eix Months in the Sandwich Islands," is already well known as a daring and persevering explorer and a sensible and entertaining story-teller. In the present work she makes good her claim to still higher distinction. She is one of the most remarkable travellers of our day. Penetrating into regions wholly unknown by the outside world, she has accomplished by the force of an indomitable will, aided by great tact and shrewdness, a task to which few men would have been found equal; and she has brought away from the scene of her researches not only a lively tale of adventure, but a great store of fresh and interesting information about the character and habits of a people now undergoing one of the strangest transformations the world has ever seen. We doubt whether the inner life of Japan has ever been better described than in the pregnant pages of this pertinacious Englishwoman. Keenly alive to the charms of natural scenery and all the picturesque aspects of town and country, garden and wilderness, pagan temple and bustling street, she has also a marked talent for extracting information from the most unpromising sources, so that her book is a vast repository of facts, enlivened by graphic descriptions. She appears to be mistress of all the sciences requisite for a traveller, from botany to navigation; and she writes in a fluent and wholly unaffected style distinguished by the force which springs from simplicity and clearness, and at times by an eloquence inspired by genuine enthusiasm.

Miss Bird's tour was a journey of such extreme hardship that one is surprised to learn that it was undertaken for the benefit of her health. She landed at Yokohama in May, 1878; and having obtained, through the good offices of the British Ambassador, a passport authorizing her to travel anywhere north of Tokio, she set out for the interior and northern provinces early in June, and journeyed with few and short intervals of rest until Christmas. Avoiding as far as possible the usual routes of the tourist, she passed through a country where no Englishwom a had ever been seen before, and where a foreigner of any kind was a great curiosity. Her only companion was a Japanese lad named Ito, whom she hired in Tokio as servant and interpreter. He brought no recommendations, and she took him with many misgivings, but the venture turned out well for Miss Bird, and Ito yields a great deal of entertainment to the reader.

ture turned out well for Miss Bird, and Ito yields a great deal of entertainment to the reader.

At might he has my watch, passport and half my money, and I often worder what would become of me if he absonded before morning. He is not a good boy. He has no moral sense, according to our notions; he dislikes foreigners; his manner is often very disagreeable; and yet I doubt whether I could have obtained a more valuable servant and interpreter. When we left Tokio, he speke fairly good English, but by practice and industrious study, he now speaks better than any official interpreter that I have seen, and his vocabulary is daily increasing. He never uses a word inaccurately when he has once got hold of its meaning, and his memory never fails. He keeps a diary beth in English and Japanese, and it shows much painstaking observation. . . . He is never late, never dawdles, never goes out in the evening except on errands for me, never touches sake, is never feabseliens, never requires to be told the same thing twice, is always within hearing, has a good deal of fact as to what he repeats, and all with an undisguised view to his own interest. He sends most of his wages to his mother, who is a widow—"It's the custom of the country"—and seems to spend the remainder on sweetmeats, tobacco, and the luxury of frequent shampooing.

That he would tell a lie if it served his purpose, and would "squeeze" up to the limits of extortion, if he could do it unobserved, I have not the slightest could. He scens to have but little heart, or any idea of any but victous pleasures. He has no religion of any kind; he has been too much with foreigners for that. His frankness is something startling. He has no idea of reticence on any subject; but probably I learn more about things as they really are, from this very defect. In virtue in man or woman, except in that of his former master, he has little, if any belief.

He is anxious to speak the very best English, and to say that a word is slangy or common, interdicts its need.

travellers at fixed charges, equivalent to 3 or 4 of it. Draught or carriage horses are unknown except where they have been introduced by foreigners at the treaty-ports, and even there they are not common. The ordinary conveyance in the great cities is a kuruma, or very light hand-carriage, drawn by one or two coolies, who rnn great dis-tances at high speed, and are said to wear out in four or five years. But the infamous character of the roads prevents the use of any sort of wheeled vehicles in the interior; and a few miles out of Tokio Miss Bird was obliged to take to packhorses, animals whose bad qualities she describes with an almost pathetic eloquence. In the Tokio district only mares are used, and these, though sorry, weak and ill-trained, with a discressing gait. are quite gentle; the horses, however, which she encountered later are extremely vicion: None of them understand the bit. They are led a rope tied around the nose and the mage, or leader, is

often a woman.

The pack-saddle is composed of two packs of straw eight inches thick, faced with red, and connected before and behind by strong oak arches gayly painted or lacquered. There is for a girth a rope loosely tied under the body, and the security of the load depends on a crupper, usually a piece of bamboo attached to the saddle by ropes strung with wooden counters, and another rope rount the neck, into which you put your foot as you scramble over the bigh front upon the top of the erection. The load must be carefully balanced, or it comes to grief, and the mago handles it all over first, and if an accurate division of weight is impossible, adds a stone to one side or the other. Here women who wear enoranous rain hats and gird their kimonos over tight bine trousers, both load the horses and lead them. I dropped upon my loaded horse from the fourteen inches above the animal's back, with my feet nanging over his neck. You must balance over, but halancing soon becomes a matter of habit. If the horse does not stumble, the pack-saddle is tolerable on level ground, but most severe on the spine in going ap-hill, and so intolerable in going down that I was relieved when I found that I had slid over the horse's head into a mud hole.

The horses wear straw shoes tied around the eastern with wight. These last only about tiers are given in the pack-saddle is tolerable on level ground, but most severe on the spine in going ap-hill, and so intolerable in going down that I was relieved when I found that I had slid over the horse's head into a mud hole.

The horses wear straw shoes tied around the pattern with wight. These last only about the pattern with wight in the pattern with wight in the pattern with wight. These last only about the pattern with wight in th

The horses wear straw shoes tied around the pasterns with wisps. These last only about five miles on soft ground, and less than half that distance on hard, and spare ones are carried hanging from the saddle. The frequency with which the horse's shoe-strings come untied is one of the nuisances of this mode of travel; the dangerous stumbling, for which the roads are at least as much responsible as the animal, is another. The average speed seems to have been hardly more than two miles an hour. Occasionally Miss Bird obtained an interval of comfort by transferring her saddle and herself to a cow; and over the worst parts of the way she often trudged long distances afoot. Her outsit, packed in two wicker-boxes, weighed 110 pounds; but she learned to dispense with ore stretcher on light poles (for in a Japanese house there is neither bed, nor chair, nor even a solid wall to lean against), an air pillow, a rubberinns, are numerous, and our traveller was never at a loss for shelter; but there was great difficulty in | the little ones; and about 10 o'clock the shutters

scription applies to an inn by no means of the poorest class:

All day we travelled through rice-swamps, along a much frequented road, as far as Kasukabe, a good-sized but riserable-looking town, with its main street like one of the poorest streets in Tokio, and halted for the night at a large yadoya with downstairs and upstairs rooms, crowds of travellers and many evil smells. On entering, the house-master or landlord, the teish, folded his nands and prostrated himself, touching the floor with his forehead three times. It is a large, rambling, old house, and fully thirty servants were bustling about in the daidokoro, or great open kitchen. I took a room upstairs ii.e., up a steep step-ladder of dark, polished woodl, with a balcony under the deep caves. The front of the house upstairs was one long room with only sides and a tront, but it was immediately divided into four by drawing sliding screens or banels, covered with opaque wall papers, into their proper grooves. A back was also improvised, but this was formed of frames with panes of translucent paper, like our tissue paper, with sundry holes and rents. This being done, I found myself the possessor of a room about sixteen feet square, without hook, shelf, rail or anything on which to put anything, nothing, in short, but a matted floor. Do not be misled by the use of this word matting. Japanese housemats, latami, are as neat, refined, and soft a covering for the floor as the finest Axminster carpet. They are five feet nine inches long, three feet hroad, and two and a balf inches thick. The frame is solidly made of coarse straw, and this is covered with very fine woven matting, as nearly white as possible, and each mat is usually bound with dark blue cloth. Temples and rooms are measured by the number of mats they contain, and rooms must be built for the mats, as they are never cut to the rooms. They are always level with the polished grooves or ledges which surround the floor. They are soft and elastic, and the Japanese take great pride in them, and are much poorest class:

them with dirty boots. Unfortunately they harbor myriads of fleas.

Outside my room an open baleony with many similar rooms ran round a forlorn aggregate of dilapidated shingle roofs and water-butts. These rooms were all full. Ito asked me for instructions once for all, put up my stretcher under a large mosquito net of coarse green canvas with a fusty smell, filled my bath, brought me some tea, rice, and eggs, took my passport to be copied by the housemaster, and departed, I know not whither I tried to write to you, but fleas and mosquitoes prevented it, and besides, the fusuma were frequently noiselessly drawn apart, and several pairs of dark, elongated eves surveyed me through the master, and besides, the foama were frequently noiselessly drawn apart, and several pairs of dark, elongated eyes surveyed me through the cracks; for
there are two Japanese farailies in the room to the
right, and five men in that to the left. I closed the
sliding windows, with translucent paper for window panes called sheji, and went to bed; but the
lack of privacy was learful, and I have not yet
sufficient trast in my fellow-creatures to be comfortable without locks, walls, or doors! Eyes were
constantly applied to the sides of the room, a girl
twice drew aside the sheji between it and the corridor, a man, who I afterwards found was a blind
man, offering his services as a shampoorr, came in
and sand some of course) unintelligible words, and
the new noises were perfectly bewildering. On one
side a man recited Buddhist prayers in a high key;
or the other a girl was twanging a somson, a
species of guitar; the house was full of talking and
splashing, drams and tom-toms were beaten outside; there were street cries innumerable, and the
whistling of the blind shampooers, and the resonant clau of the fire watehman who perambulates
all Japanese villages, and beats two pieces of wood
together in token of his vigilance, were intolerable.
It was a life of which I knew nothing, and the mystery was more alarming than attractive; my
money was lying about, and nothing seemed easier
than to slide a hand through the feasama and apprepriate it. Ito told me that the well was baddy
contaurinated; the odors were fearful; illness was
to be feared as well as rebbery! So unreasonably
I reasonad!

Near the beautiful sacred city of Nikko, Miss
Bed obtained quarters for several days in a private

Near the beautiful sacred city of Nikko, Miss Bird obtained quarters for several days in a private house belonging to a person of some consideration named Kanayr,, who "leads the discords at the Shinto shrines."

I don't know what to write about my house. It is a Japanese idylf; there is nothing within or without which does not please the eye, and after the din of yadoyas, its sience, musical with the dash of waters and the twitter of birds, is truly toin foreigners for that. His frankness is something foreigners for that. His frankness is something foreigners for that. His frankness is something about probably I learn more about things as startling. He has no idea of reticence on any subject; but probably I learn more about things as man or woman, except in that of his former master, the has little, if any belief.

He is anxious to speak the cery best English, and to say that a word is slangy or common, interdicts its use. Sometines, when the weather is line and things go smoothly, he is in an excellent and communicative humor and talks a good deal as we travel. A tew days ago, I remarked, "What a beautiful day this its" and soon after, netchook in hand, he said, "You say a beautiful day." Is that beautiful day this its" and soon after, netchook in hand, he said, "You say a beautiful day." Is that beautiful day this its" and soon after, netchook in most for igners say?" I replied that it was "common," and "beautiful" has been brought out from mon," and "beautiful" has been brought out from mon," and "beautiful" has been brought out from mon," and "beautiful" has been brought out from mon, and the mats are so fine and white that I almost fact to valk over them even in my stockings of the foreign residents at Yokohama and many of the foreign residents at Yokohama and the mats are so fine and white that I almost fear to valk over them even in my stockings, the polished stage begin the hard the ball with a beautiful wise, from which you never say, "What the disit's as other foreign residents at Yokohama and the mats are so fine and white that I almost

which Ito occupies, and another polished staircase into the bath-house and garden. The whole front of my room is composed of shoj, which slide back during the day. The ceiling is of light wood crossed by bars of dark wood, and the posts which support it are of dark wood, and the posts which support it are of dark wood, and the posts which are of wrinkled sky blue paper splashed with gold. At one end are two alcoves with floors of polished wood, called tokonoma. In one hangs a kakenono, or wall-picture, a painting of a blossoming branch of the cherry on white silk -a perfect piece of art, which in itself fills the room with freshness and leantly. The artist who painted it painted nothing but cherry blossoms, and fell in the rebellion. On a shelf in the other alcove is a very valuable cabinet with sliding doors, on which peonies are painted on a gold ground. A single spray of rose azelea in a pure white vase hanging on one of the polished posts, and a single iris in another, are the only decorations. The mats are very line and white, but the only furniture is a folding screen with some suggestions of landscape in Indian ink. I almost wish that the rooms were a little less exquisite for I am in constant dread of spilling the ink, indenting the mats, or tearing the paper windows. Downstairs there is a room equally beautiful, and a large space where all the domestic avocations are carried on. There is a kara, or irreproof storehouse, with a tiled 100 on the right of the house.

Life here seems to have been made very pleasant for the traveller, and she observed the home customs of a middle-class family with keen interest:

They rise at daylight, fold up the wadded quilts They rise at daylight, fold up the wadded quitts of talons on and under wnich taey have slept, and put them and the wooden pillows, much like stereoscopes in shape, with little rolls of paper or wadding on the top, into a press with a sliding door, sweep the mais carefully, dust all the wood-

Sair, when heated, mounts readily to the head, and a single, small cup excites the half-witted man-servant to some very feelish musical performances. I am sorry to write it, but his master and mistress take great pleasure in seeing him make a fool of himself, and Ito, who is from policy a total abstainer, goes into convulsions of laughter.

One evening I was invited to join the family, and they entertained me by showing me picture and guide-books. Most Japanese provinces have their guide-books, illustrated by woodcuts of the most striking objects, and giving itineraries, names of yadoyes, and other local information. One volume of pictures very finely executed on silk was more than a century old. Old gold lacquer and china, and some pieces of antique embroidered silk were also produced for my benefit, and some musical instituments of great beauty, said to be more than two centuries old. None of these treasures are kept in the house, but in the kara or fireproof storehouse close by. The rooms are not encumbered by ornaments; a single kakemone, or fine piece of lacquer or china appears for a few days and then makes way for something else; so they have variety as well as simplicity, and each object is enjoyed in its turn without distraction turn without distraction

The evenings are cheerless, for the days are short the houses are dark, and the lamps are dismal. The usual apparatus of illumination, called an andon, is of the boxes and to reduce the weight to forty-five a circular lacquer stand with four uprights two pounds She carried a folding-chair, a canvas and a half feet high and panes of white paper. Suspended inside is an iron dish of oil with a wick of pith. Around the "darkness visible" which glimmers from this miserable affair the family bath, sheets, a blanket, a Mexican saddle and | huddle crouching on their heels; the children play bridle, and the necessary clothing. Vadoy.ts, or games and learn lessons, the women sew or weave; the father spends a great deal of his time fondling

obtaining food which a European stomach could are made fast, the quilts and wooden pillows are tolerate; ilesh of any kind was a rarity; and the produced from the press, and men, women, and staple diet for the journey was little better than | children lie down on the floor, all in their clothes rice, tea and irregular eggs. The following de- and all in the same room. Small trays of food, scription applies to an inn by no means of the pipes, and tobacco are always placed within reach, and the sound of ashes being knocked out of the pipe is one of the ordinary noises of a Japanes night. In cold weather charcoal is kept burning in a sort of brazier in the unventilated room; fleas and creeping things swarm in myriads of which we can hardly form a conception; and in summer the pest of mosquitoes is almost unendurable. Although the people are fond of a gentle splashing of water which they call a bath, they are very dirty in their persons; they are unacquainted with soap, and great sufferers from skin diseases and other ments which proceed from unclean bodies and a vitiated atmosphere. They wear no underclothing, and among the poorer classes garments and bedding are rarely washed. The customary dress of the better sort of people consists of the kimono, or sort of scant gown with enormous sleeves and a broad girdle, and the hasri a loose upper garment of the same make as the other, only short. Men and women are clad almost alike, the chief difference being in the size of the grdle and the arrangement of the hair. Some of the younger men, however, now wear, drawn over the kimono, full petticeat trousers, called hakama—ar article of apparel formerly reserved for the samurai, or "two-sworded men," the retainers of the daimio under the old regime. The laboring classes in sunmer wear no more garments than are absolutely required by the modern law of the Empire against nakedness, and sometimes not even so much. Coolies often content themselves with a loincloth, women with a short and narrow petticeat or a pair of cotton drawers leaving all the upper part of the body exposed. Children dress exactly like adults, and the grotesque appearance thus imparted to them is heightened by their precocious gravity and decorum.

I am very fond of Japanese children. I have never yet heard a baby cry, and I have never seen a child troublesome or disobedient. Filial piety is the leading virtue in Japan, and unquestioning obedience is the habit of centuries. The arts and threats by which English mothers cajole or frighten children into unwilling obedience. The arts and threats by which English mothers cajole or frighten children into unwilling obedience appear unknown. I admire the way in which children are taught to be independent in their amusements. Part of the home education is the learning of the rules of the different games, which are absolute, and when there is a doubt, instead of a quarrelsome suspension of the game, the fiat of a sepior child decides the matter. They play by themselves, and don't botter adults at every turn. I usually carry sweeties with me, and give them to the children, but not one has ever received them without first obtaining permission from the father or mot ding are rarely washed. The customary dress of the better sert of people consists of the kimono, or

Marriages are usually negotiated by the friends of the two parties, the bride receiving a trousseam but no dowry. Miss Bird was invited to the wed ding of the niece of the innkecper at Kubota, and the wife of this man provided her with a Japanese

costume for the occasion:

From her limitless stores of apparel she chose what she considered a suitable dress for me—an under-dress of sage-green silk crepe, a kinono of soit, green, striped silk of a darker shade, with a fold of white crepe, spangled with gold at the neck, and a girdle of sage-green corded silk, with the family badge here and there upon it in gold. I went with the house-master, Ito, to his disgust not being invited, and his absence was like the less of one of my senses, as I could not get any explanations till afterwards.

The ceremony did not correspond with the rules laid down for marriages in the books of etapette that I have seen, but this is accounted for by the fact that they were for persons of the sumurai class, while this bride and bridegroom, though the children of well-to-do merchants, belong to the heimin.

The troussern and furniture were conveyed to the bridegroom's house in the early morning, and I was allowed to go to see them. There were several girdles of silk embroidered with gold, several pieces of brocaded silk for kimonos, several pieces of brocaded silk for kimonos, several pieces of white silk, six barrels of wine or anke, and seven sorts of condiments. Jewelry is not worn by women in Jacob.

sorts of condiments. Jewelry is not worn by women in Japan.

The furniture consisted of two wooden pillows, finely lacquered one of them containing a drawer for ornamental hair-pins, some cotton fatons, two very handsome silk ones, a few silk cushions, a lacquer workbox, a spinning-wheel, a lacquer rice bucket and ladic, two ornamental iron kettles, various kitchen utensils, three bronze hibachi, two labako-bous, some lacquer trays, and zens, china kettles, teapots, and cups, some lacquer rice bowls, 'wo copper busins, a few towels some bamboo switches, and au inlaid lacquer etagere. As the things are all very handsome the parents must be well of. The sake is sent in accordance with rigid etiquette.

It has often been written that marriage must be solemnized by a priest but this is a mistake. Japanese marriage is a purely civil contract. No religious ceremony is necessary. A marriage is legal-

bride on the other. Two young girls, very tifully dressed, brought in the brine, a very ing-looking creature, dressed entirely in whi with a veil of white silk covering her from head to

tifully dressed, brought in the brine, a very pleasing-looking creature, dressed entirely in white silk with a veil of white silk covering her from head to foot.

The bridegroom, who was already seated in the middle of the room near its upper part, did not rise to receive her, and kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and she sat opposite to him, but never looked up. A low table was placed in front, on which there was a two-pouted kettle full of sake, some sake bettles and some cups, and on another there was a two-pouted kettle full of sake, some sake bettles and some cups, and on another there were some small figures representing a fir tree, a plum tree in blossom, and a stork standing on a tortoise, the last representing length of days, and the former, the beauty of women and the strength of men. Shortly a zen, loaded with estables, was placed before each person, and the feast began, accompanied by the noises which signify gastronomic gratification.

After this, which was only a preliminary, the two girts who brought in the bride handed round a trac with three cups containing sake, which each person is expected to drain till he eame to the god of lack at the bottom.

The bride and bridegroom then retired, but shortly reappeared in other dresses of ceremony, but the bride still were her white silk veil, which one day will be her shroud. An old gold lacquer tray was produced, with three sake cups, which were filled by the two bridesmaids, and placed before the parents-in-law and the bride. The tather-in-law drank three cups, rad handed the cup to the father-in-law, and present in a box, grank the third cup, and then returned the cup to the father-in-law, who again drank three cups. Rice and fish were next brought in after which the bride room her father-in-law in a lacquer-box, drank a third cup, and gave the cup to the elder lady, who again drank three cups. Soup was then served, and then the bride drank once more from the third cup, and handed it to her husband's father, who drank three more cups, the bride took

liquor!
After this the two bridesmaids raised the twosponted kettle, and presented it to the lips of the
married pair, who drank from it alternately, till
they had exhausted its contents. This concluding ceremony is said to be emblematic of the tasting
together of the joys and sorrows or life. And so
they became man and wife till death or divorce
parted them.

This drinking of sake or wine, according to prescribed usage, appeared to constitute the "marriage service," to which uone but relations were bidden. In mediately afterwards the wedding guests arrived, and the evening was spent in feasting and sake drinking, but the fare is simple, and intoxication is happily out of place at a marriage feast. Every detail is a matter of etiquette, and has been handed down for centuries. Except for the interest of the ceremony in that light it was a very dull and tedious affair, conducted in melancholy silence, and the young bride, with her whitened face and painted lips, looked and moved like an automaton. From all that I can learn I think that Japanese wives are virtuous and faithful under ercumstances which we should think most trying, as even apparent idelity on the part of the husband is not regarded either as a virtue or a conventional requirement. On this point I think there can be no reasonable doubt. reasonable doubt.

We shall return to Miss Bird's book on another

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## Copartnersmu Nonces.

DISSOLUTION of COCARTNERSHIP. - 1 ho DISSOLD TION of COCAR INFIGURE INT. - 100
timited partnership is received under the infidering partnership in the infidering and designed under the firm name of HALLSARTEN & CO. In this cay dissolved by Hall at stoo.

SIGMUVD NEWSTADT,
BERNHARD MAINZER,
General Partner,
CHARLES L. HAMGARTEN,
Special Partner,

NOTICE OF COPARTNERSHIP—The business of HALL/ARTEN & C. 2 will be confused, as he clother, by the limited partnership is day orme: under the same firm name, by Mr. Sigmond Newstart, who has associated with mass paral partner Mr. Charles Web hane.

Messrs. Julia and "Tares L. Haligart n ac special partners, and have confused as their capital corother Each Hundre! Trousand Dukars in cas.

Power sofutorers have been granted to Messrs. Edwin C. Philbrick and Ewald Balthacar.

SIGMUND NEWSTAPT. SIGMUND NEWSTANT, CHARLES WEHRHANE.

DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing unfor the firm of CAMPBELL, HALL & CO, ex fros this day and is dissolved by its own institution. Either partner will sign the name of the firm in Inducation. If CHARLO I. CAMPBELL, JOHN H. HALL.

New-York, Dec. 31, 1880. AUGUSTINE "MITH.

THE undersigned have former to purpose of manufac-turing and seeding paper on commission. RICHARD L CAMPPELL, AUGUSTINE - MITH.

NOTICE.—Mr. JACOB T. VAN WYCK and Mr. THOMAS M. TURNER, are his day seinfated as portion in our farm. BRUN RECHOFF, TURNER & CO. New-York, Jan. 1, 1881. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the

Initied partnership lately a shaisting between Levi M. Bates, John H. Reed, Martin I. Cooler and Taomas W. Evans, under the firm name of BATES, REED & COOLEY, has ben t is day dissolved by mutual consent. And putsuant to the cruss of the articles of acreement of constitutions, a general partnership, in which Levi M. Bates, John H. Boes and Martin I. Em pay all debts due from the said limited partnership.

Dated New York, Nov. 24, 188). LEV1 1. BATES,
JOHN H. REED,
MARTIN I. COOLEY.
THOMAS W. EVANS.

THE UNDERSIGNED have this day formed a cotartner-ship under the firm-nome of C. C. ROUMAGE & CO., for the transaction of a Banking and Brokenice Binaines. C. C. ROUMAGE.

#### New-York, Jan. 1, 1881. Sunations Wanten -- Maics.

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